

REASON AND FAITH resemble the two sons of the patriarch; reason is the first-born, but faith inherits the blessing.

THE NATURAL MAN receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness to him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.



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# WAR CRY

THE OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. XI. NO. 51. [General of the U. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, SEPT. 21, 1895. [Published for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Eastern Honor Roll.

Prince, St. Stephen	100
Armstrong, St. John III	100
Scott, Woodstock	92
Frederick, Charlottetown, P.E.I.	75
Watmore, St. John V.	75
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Design, Charlottetown, P.E.I.	34
Collier, Halifax	34
Uccley, North Head	30
Clark, North Head	30
Dunn, North Head	30
Moore, Charlottetown, P.E.I.	30
Marney, Charlottetown, P.E.I.	30

## Notes on Eastern Honor Roll.

Rank for Capt. Prince and Sergt. Armstrong, 100 and 100. Who's the President's comrade? x. New Glasgow and Yarmouth? Who is the Prince of the first place in the Honor Roll? Capt. Armstrong? I don't think so! 80 War Cry are not 80. Fancy Sergt. Hance of No. 1, being a Capt. You can't be a Capt. if you're not a Capt. in excellent. Sergt. Watmore of No. 1, did a Captain and Lieutenant of Pipes. Miller of St. John III, was cut out by his name. Bridgetown Lieutenant sets to, and so on the war. Charlottetown still retains the championship of the Halifax I. is hard after them, and from the end of the last week on, the prospects are looking to take the lead. 50 War Cry cited them now. Glasgow and Yarmouth are still about the same. Very few make the difference in their ranks. Corps are coming up. Many are out of the corps in line. Am busy just now, excuse brief notes. Direct sales over 20 will be inserted. New for return Honor Roll. Come along, there and there, send in your name and list through the on Saturday. Boon the Capt. Omevan.

## Bar-keeper "Cry" Booming.

A dear old War Cry Booming is always carried on by redemptive and halcyon-bombeded Salvators, as the following will show: A man Catholic woman, who kept it, recently bought a Cry from of our soldiers, and having looked at it, left it lying on the counter.

and by a customer entering up the Cry, whereupon the bar-keeper sold it to him. Having read so wanted out of it he goes out leaves the Cry behind him. After entering caught sight of the and straightway our bar-keeper sold it to him, who also left it behind him, who went away. Soon some one dropped in, and taking up the Cry he pounced upon instantly by the bar-keeper to buy it, which he did, carried it away with him. A day or two later this bar-keeper called one of our comrades and gave her 50 cents, the result of her selling the Cry. Halcyon! J. E.



THE MUDFISH TO THE HERON.—"I am well posted on mud, worms and slime!" —See page 11.

## FAMOUS SONGS.

"If You Cannot on the Ocean."

Strictly speaking one would not call this a "hymn," and yet none who have heard PHILLIP PHILLIPS sing it will doubt its fitness to be a sacred song.

It came into notice through the admiration felt for it by PRESIDENT LINCOLN, but for a long time its authorship was not known.

MRS. GATES of Elizabeth, N.Y., the authoress, gives the account of its origin as follows:

"The lines were written upon my slate one snowy afternoon in the winter of 1860. I knew as I know now, that the poem was only a simple little thing; but somehow I had a presentiment that it had wings, and would fly into sorrowful hearts, uplifting and strengthening them."

This has been fulfilled. Many "may forget the singer," but they "will not forget the song."

The most appropriate comment upon the piece itself was Abraham Lincoln's own life. This interesting story is told so show how firmly the colored people believed in him as God's chosen messenger, and in his "mission" to their race:

"On a certain day, when there was quite a large gathering of the people, considerable confusion was caused by different persons attempting to tell who and what 'Moses Linkum' was."

In the midst of the confusion the white-headed leader commanded silence.



"BIDDERIN, YOU DON'T KNOW NOSSEN."

"Brederin," said he, "you don't know noszen what you're talkin' bout. Now you're just listen to me. Moses Linkum he everywhar. He know everythin'g," then solemnly looking up he added:

"He Walk de Earf Like de Lord."

When this story was told to the President, he did not smile, but rose from his chair and walked in silence two or three times across the floor. Then he said: "It is a momentous thing to be the instrument, under Providence, of the liberation of a race."



L. B. L. A. Slater Blaggett of Westminster. She loves Lazarus and looks after his needs. Her last quarter's collection amounted to \$9.81, and she supervises no less than 60 box holders. Will readers pray that God may make her still more successful?

## THE MUDFISH AND THE HERON.

"I Can't Imagine it!"

CAN THE MUDFISH UNDERSTAND the language of the Heron?

He lives at the bottom of his black turfed pond.

His world is mud, ooze and slime. He knows of nothing else. He has always lived there and will die in the same place, in the same condition.

Were it possible for some one to go down and tell this creature of the dark of something better, of a bright, beautiful world

Above the Surface of the Pond.

A world of AIR AND SUNSHINE, a world of trees and flowers, a world of beauty, with feathered creatures gorgeously plumed, filling the day with sweet musical sounds; a world of glorious possibilities, a world in which we may know and enjoy our Creator, glorifying Him by our perfect submission and obedience to His will, would or could the Mudfish understand it?

Could he comprehend anything so entirely foreign to his nature and environment?

His whole life has been lived in mud and darkness. Could he know anything of the clear atmosphere or the warm sunlight above?

I fear not.

He would be apt to smile sarcastically and say, "I CAN'T IMAGINE anything like that." It no doubt exists in your mind, of which it is (in my opinion) the offering. This is the only world I know anything about, and my object is to take all the enjoyment I can out of it. I am well posted on mud and worms and slime, having under them a special study, but the world you talk about is SIMPLY A MYTH, formed in your own imagination and does not merit serious thought. My motto is, one world at a time and unto the most of it.

As with the Mudfish, SO WITH THE SKEPTIC.

He is too busy with the muckrake of selfishness, scratching for material things, burrowing in

The Mud of Worldly Wisdom

for that which bewitlers, mocks and vanishes; crawling in the oozy slime of sensuality for pleasures that are not only transient, but delusive, and which never fail to bring upon those who sow to their lusts a harvest of suffering, a terrible retribution.

When he is told of a spiritual life and a spiritual world, a life immeasurably transcending the natural life, which is helplessly sinful and at enmity against God, a world which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him, he cannot receive the testimony. The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.

When he is told that in order to apprehend spiritual things we must be born of the Spirit, he will, in all probability, reply as did Nicodemus to Christ, "HOW CAN THESE THINGS BE?"

Staff-Captain Acum of the Foreign Office, a man of eminent humour, was educated in an Irish college.

Brigadier Jefferies has in view the acquisition of a new Prison-gate Brigade II and the opening of a Shelter and Workshop for the unemployed of Brisbane.

Major Rolfe of Jannien, has been celebrating the Army's Thirtieth anniversary of the emancipation of slaves. Three days' good meetings were held. Fifty officers were present at the council which had traveled 1470 miles on foot (averaging thirty-six miles per officer) to be present. Forty-one of them are active officers. A great soldiers' council and All-night of prayer was also held.

The Earth Revolved Before Newton's Day.

"I CAN'T IMAGINE IT," said a man who professed to be an honest seeker after the truth; but who, upon better acquaintance, I found to be one of a numerous class who might be very appropriately labelled, "NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T SEE." If I desired to know the truth about natural astronomy, or the physical geography of the sea, I too far as truth is known) certainly would not study the elements of mechanism or the laws of expansion or contraction; neither could I reasonably expect to find the truth about God in the

Pages of Infidel Literature.

Facts remain facts whether we understand them or not.

They cannot be imagined, they must be known.

The law of gravitation was a fact before the creation of man, but it was reserved for a Newton to discover and demonstrate the fact to the satisfaction of the human mind.

It was a fact that the planets Uranus and Neptune belonged to our solar system and were gravitating round the sun on the confines of the system long before anything was known concerning them.

The enormous power and marvellous performance of steam and electricity were possible facts countless ages before Watts, Stephenson, Morse, Lord Kelvin and Edison were born into this world. Behind these and all other forces there is A POWER THAT IS SLAKING FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

That Power is God.

The first, the greatest of all facts. If we are not able to comprehend it there is something wrong, we are not complete. It is not God's fault, it is our own. He is willing to make us whole the moment we are willing to accept Him. No need to imagine it, it is our privilege TO KNOW.

"None so Blind as Those That Won't See."

A man may have the worldly wisdom of a Solomon, but be lamentably ignorant of those matters which pertain to the soul's eternal welfare. Without a knowledge of Christ it is impossible to have a correct knowledge of any fact, the human heart is not only desperately wicked, but is deceitful. If the plan of salvation is not clear to us, it is because we are

Blinded by the God of this World,

because we desire to reverse God's plan. He says, "Seek and ye shall find."

The sinner says, "LET ME FIND FIRST."

God says, "Believe and then shalt know. Do My will and ye shall know of the doctrine."

MAQUINISTA.

POOR SCEPTIC, poor sinner, here is God's Word to you: "Rejoice ye young men in the days of thy youth and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." We cannot escape judgment; cannot go away from the living God. After Death it is continuance; when the body returns to the earth, that which animated it will return to God, no matter what its condition is; whether it be holy or filthy, it must continue to live.

## A Backslider's Plea.

Tune—"Call Me Back Again," or, "Praying there Alone." Oh blessed Lord, my soul has wandered from Thee, And in my sin I've grown so hard and cold; I loved Thee once, and in the war delighted, But for the world I, Thee, my Lord, have sold! If I come back, in love wilt Thou receive me? Or wilt my cry to Thee be all in vain? No, Thou wilt hear my prayer, forgive my wanderings, Have mercy, Lord, I'm coming back again! Chorus.

Coming back again, coming back again, I do believe in love Thou wilt receive me, Have mercy, Lord, I'm coming back again!

Thy heart I've grieved, like Peter I disowned Thee, And wilfully provoked Thee to Thy face; Now lost, undone, and oh, so hell-deserving, With broken heart, I come to Thee for grace.

Thy love is great, Thy every promise faithful, Heal my backsliding, come, within me reign!

Destroy all sin, prepare Thyself a temple, With yearning soul, I'm coming back again!

Thou dost restore the joy of Thy salvation! My sin is purged, I'm cleansed from every stain.

Oh grant me now Thy power to keep me faithful, Prevent me Lord, from wandering again.

My body, soul and spirit now I yield Thee, To follow Thee through mocking or through shame, I'll seek the lost, upheld by Thy free Spirit, And bring the wanderers to Thy fold again.

ENSEIGN MACDONALD.

## A Collection Ditty.

Tune—"Last May a brow woeen." Some folks like the Army, and think they do good—

And their ways offer food for reflection, And are willing to stay while they sing, speak or pray;

But oh how they shun the collection! (See chorus at end.)

They listen with pleasure to all that is said; Then the band plays a fancy selection.

And, well I declare! they will sit there and stare, And forget all about the collection!

Now, an officer's life is a hard one, we know, And they're often a prey to dejection.

From care they'd be free, and how happy they'd be, If you'd never forget the collection!

The salvation chariot is rolling about; And with it we may have a collection.

For it never could go without offering you know; And the best kind of offering collection!

When the battle is over, and heaven is won, Our Saviour'll meet with affection.

For His Word does declare His love we shall share If we cheerfully help the collection!

Chorus.

Then give with a will, boys, and do what you can, You'll never be met with rejection.

And heaven will grant a grand role of thanks To all who have helped the collection!

M. L. VICTORIA, B.C.

IN A TOWN OF CHERRY TREES AND SHADY TREES

"HERE JESUS WENT"



DIGNY PIER AND HARBOR

Troubled Times that are

IN THE PEACEFUL REPOSE Annapolis valley even a few cannon, or the ruins of a castle, walls and ditches, seen by contrast to the atmosphere and beauty.

—G.L.—

BUT ONE MIGHT AS WISELY say that there was no need of a Saviour in India, or China. As to say that the Saviour was not needed in Digny, the Christian's motto to write, or study on evil things we can only assure those who grasp the faith to press on our mark and high calling in Christ Jesus.

—G.L.—

DIGNY AND ITS SUBURBS several years past been a place. Hundreds of people United States flock here during summer months to enjoy the and good wholesome air of the Seaside city, situated on the end of the Annapolis Basin.

We have often heard the habitants tell of

Indian Outrages

here in early times — stories have been gathered from our

At the entrance of Annapolis a deep gap through the woods DIGNY GLE. Here we have from lighthouse and fog alarm



Summer Resort at Broad Cove





## (Continued.)

I would like you to recollect—are there no burial places along the track of your experience? Carry back your imagination to the place where you have buried

### Your Love of Prayer.

There is another burini-place I would like you to think of. Do you remember when you carried to it the **POWER OVER APPETITE**?

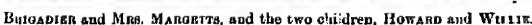
## What a Funeral Service that Was!

What treasures have you offered up upon the altar of self-indulgence, and in consequence how deep have you buried much of your soul's treasure beneath abomination and pollution.

And so you have carried to the grave in life-long procession many things that never would have been buried

**Had Christ Lived in Your  
Hearts.**

"But I know that even now whatever thou wilt ask of God He will give it thee." Martha's faith was rising. She had taken the first step in admitting that the cause of her sorrow was the absence of her Saviour. That is the step some of you are taking now. You believe that the cause of ill's shipwreck and ruin.



### A Dire Disease—An Antidote—Wanted, Workers.

Oh, the mighty multitudes it conquers! who, allured by its silver-vo-

time is the absence of God's Spirit in your hearts. Now for a step further with Marika, and believe that, even in spite of the wreckage about

you, there is power in God to restore.  
"But I know that even now"—even  
now, with a pyramid of transgres-  
sions to overcome, with memories of  
a thousand defeats crowding my  
mind, with the record of horrible  
insults to Thy Love Against  
My Name:

Now, you must believe in the saving power of Christ up to the last degree if you would really be saved. You must believe, while you stand at the tomb of your dead sinne, that out of its darkness God can bring life and restore to you the treasure of your soul. No doubting here! Unbelief at this spot is fatal. Be strong. I know it appears impossible that God can overlook a life like yours. But to His love, na to His power, all is possible. Hold on to His love! "Lord,

You say you are saved. Can you hear their cries for help and remain unconcerned? They are sinking. Can you see them going and do nothing for their salvation? They are dying, and the blood of those whom Jesus expects you to rescue will be required at your hands. You are not your own. Up, rush to the rescue!

The present generation of men and women who have personally proved the remedy, and whose hearts are clean, whose lives are consistent and right, and who are prepared to suffer, and light, and toil, cheerfully enduring any amount of self-sacrifice, are the ones that they may rescue these sin-stricken people from temptation and death. Men and women with strong, healthy bodies, clear brains, and compassionate and zeal-constrained hearts set on fire by the Holy Ghost, who will despise worldly gains, the opinions of men and fashion, and sense, to work and win them to the truth. **WILL YOU be a God-blessed and help your neighbor?**

even now Thou canst save me! In my past, and in my present, and for my future I can see nothing but lamentable destruction. All I said I'd be, and all I wanted to be, I know I am not. I can't live like this. I don't want to live any longer. Life is too painful when it bears upon it

**Purest Charms the Impress  
of Death.**

There is naught left to live for. Have pity on even me, dear Lord!" Tell out thus the tale of your sorrow to God. He will hear you—nay, He is hearing you.

Can't you believe He is hearing you? See, He stands at the grave. The Master has come and called for thee." He bids you roll away the stone and reveal to Him the dead man, the man of your soul. They are dead, they have been dead for perhaps many years. But, Master, He hears the sound of His voice to lifting the tomb, and filling all time, and filling all eternity. Millions of angels are rolling the brain and rolling it along the road of life, and rolling it repeating it yourself. The sound of it is bringing back to life all the goodness of your nature. "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

S. S. "New York,"  
Off Sandy Hook.

A dear fellow was leaning over his ship's rail, with a cigar in his mouth. Asked him how his soul was. He had been in America twenty-seven years, working in the mines in and around Butte, Montana. "Have a cigar," he said, "I'll be in hell in half an hour." As he did others, he tried to exorcise himself for his unsaved state. Quoted this one and that one as examples of "nobel-bendy, but still bent" me to deal with him in a wise, right way, and he will not forget it. He said that he had been in Montana for a while to clear himself. "Say," said he, "if I live all right, don't rob me, don't steal, or do any of these wicked things, do you think I shall go to hell with all the reprobates?" I showed him the necessity of God's grace, but he said, "No, K. M. A. Every companion means to fight his way. I can tell."

After dinner I took the deck, and oh, the opportunities for doing good presented on such a voyage! Still by the side of a tall gentleman who wore a troubled look (his clothes were black), I got into conversation with him about his soul. He was no seafarer. Here is a sketch of his history from his own lips: " Came from Cornwall 22 years ago. Married a beautiful woman just before he came, and

ed in New York, and drifted out to Butte City, Montana. Took up gold mining, succeeded well, but was disappointed in his first love, the "fair in the mountains," and as I write her mortal remains lie under the deck in the casket. Poor fellow! I tried to console him all I could, and he promised that he would tell his dear partner on the other shore.

"I told him that if he had the original wrath preserved, then he had to pay first-class fare for the corpse, and all kinds of red-tape! He had to go through in order to get the body on board, but he did it all and gladly for his poor dead wife's sake."

"He said she would be still unsaved!" He greatly appreciated the little spiritual help I was enabled to give him. Good comfort!

One gentleman came up to me and seemed certain that he had met me in Madefila, but he was mistaken.

Another man was going home with his wife and darling child, years ago he had left the Old Sol almost penniless, but was now returning after an absence of 13 years, with a saved soul, a saved Swiss wife, and a pair of seven-year-old twins.

The life of a seaman is hard work. It was a treat to see him at home again.

HARVEST FESTIVAL results at  
very good, etc.

I WAS A STUPID  
memory, would not  
FIGHTING WAS M  
was a champion at  
but some boy older  
myself, until some  
circumstances caused  
me the Spirit of God -  
I had no peace un-  
known and asked God  
my sin. He did it.  
fight was gone, except  
the great warfare against  
devil. I felt at once  
happy, knew it was  
that I did not understand.  
When urged to  
church I refused, for  
ignorance should be  
Soon after this I  
ed with a little Roman  
whom I loved, and  
the difference in our  
ter.

**FOR A LONG TIME** I had felt that God wanted to launch out more and learn more of His ways. I sought to understand concerning me, and eventually to serve Him. I became more concerned responsible and wished to consult my wife before refusing his advice. She wanted to go to the hospital. He was thirty miles away. I RESORTED TO PRAYER. We soon saw the answer. Praise God, my wife saved. It was no longer God's will. I had a burning desire to be free, and each took his own path. I left school. You may say, neither a good or bad road.

**God Taught**  
that, too. We had 1  
Many were brought  
of the truth. Our se  
educated. God used  
condemned the wise.

I have had some benefit, of the effect; of prayer. Once I was on board the Pacific, where SEA PIRATES were sailing by dancing on a Presbyterian, I was a terrible sin to urged the captain to. This he did. When he the cause of it. I was endangered. While on duty, a German. I raised his intention of I had no way of but a prayer to God.

Yes, perfect obedience. I had quite a good deal to say about it. I would consent to anything. A. - I was a Salvation Army man. I know it.

I well remember I tried to testify for from head to foot every time I obey die I am now a sole **YELLOW, RED, AND**

PETERBORO'.—Services sanctified, held Sunday, wonderful to soul.—S. C. May.

KINGSTON.—Might and toll. Our Harvest was \$160, but a discount of \$185. Outpost, got \$30, wh their target.—Capt. McLean.

CARBERRY. -- Ed and bustle. Farmers men busy, the devil baton Army is busy to the Harvest Festival target. Jolly. One backslider and into the fountain. A salvation. Every on with joy and thanks. Mrs got happy because brother came to meeting the devil got back and stole all I had. But we are no more the same. But

It is "New York,"  
On Sunday Hook.  
and bright I awoke this  
great day, the day of my  
most comfort day by the  
wharf by the mag-  
nificence which was to be  
for the next seven days.  
Mrs. Hicks were kind-  
and after a hurried break-  
fast and the river and again  
at the Headquarters. At  
Staff-Captain Walton and  
I straight for the wharf  
a very profitable time in  
the afternoon. Floating  
company's printed de-  
not too far-fetched, and  
all things as good as de-  
first thing was to find  
Tala we soon did, and my  
a berth companion soon  
a servant known. One was  
going to Scotland for  
he was staying there for  
Another was a gentleman  
one out on the same ves-  
sels in the past. I was  
now in the great Eng-  
landman very kind of his  
cigar. The third was a  
donor, of whom, as yet, I  
little indeed. The heavy  
I have already had a sur-  
er his habits, and hope to  
ark on him ere long, God

slow was leaning over the  
with a cigar in his mouth.  
how his soul was. He had  
lived twenty-seven years  
the mines in and around  
nana. "I have a good  
believe in her, too," said  
others, he tried to excuse  
his unimpaired state. Que-  
e and that one was ex-  
am-in-ten-ty, but God helped  
him in a wise, right  
he will not forget it. It  
ing how deliberately he  
lent himself. "Say," said  
on right, don't rob me,  
or do any of these things,  
do you think I shall  
with all the reproaches?  
the necessity of God's  
I believe he saw it. My  
mission means to fight his  
I tell.

It got through the first  
foot safety, but the tables  
were turned later on.  
me I took the deck, and  
portunities for doing good  
as such a voyage! Finding  
of a tall gentleman who  
rubbed look (his clothes  
) I got into conversation  
about his soul. He was not  
a sketch of his history  
in his lips. "Come from Cor-  
vina ago. Married a beauti-  
ful before he came, land-  
York, and drifted out to  
Montana. Took up gold  
mining well, but in May  
my wife died away in the  
and as I write her mor-  
tality under the deck in the  
hor follow! I tried to  
it all I could, and he prom-  
ised to join his dear wife  
other shore. I sent him  
the flowers of the origi-  
nally preserved. Then he had  
a sudden fire for the corpse  
in of red-tape and had to be  
in order to get the body  
at he did it all and gladly,  
r, dead wife's sake. What  
by that he should be still  
he greatly appreciated  
distant help. I was enabled  
a God comfort him!  
eman came up to me and  
told that he had not  
died, but he was inter-  
ing fellow was going home  
le and darling child years  
I left the Old Red mine  
at was now retreating,  
because of 13 years, with  
it, a saved Swiss wife, and  
in a seven-year-old boy, the  
second cabin deck. It was  
see him skip around.

I have had some beautiful instances,  
too, of the effect of prayer in my life.  
Once I was on board a vessel on  
the Pacific, where some GERMAN  
SEA PRINCES were running them-  
selves by dancing on Sunday. Being  
a Presbyterian, Sabbath-breaking  
was a terrible sin to me. I in-  
sisted the captain to have it stopped.  
This he did. When I was known to  
be the cause of it my life was en-  
dangered. While out swimming one  
day, a German, a huge mon-  
ster, raised his forearm, with  
the intention of shooting me.  
I had no way of helping myself,  
but a prayer to God soon made him  
flee.  
Yes, perfect obedience brings vic-  
tory. I had quite a time before I  
would consent to write with the S.  
A. I was a Salvationist long before  
I knew it.  
I will remember the first time I  
tried to testify for Jesus. I slunk  
from head to foot. But, praise God,  
every time I obey Him He repays  
me. I am now a wonder UNDER THE  
YELLOW, RED, AND BLUE.

FESTIVAL reports are  
coming.

## EVOLUTION — OR — A STUPID BOY.

I WAS A STUPID BOY, had no  
memory, would not learn at school.  
FIGHTING WAS MY FORTUNE, and I  
was a champion at that, loved to  
beat some boy bigger and larger than  
myself, until some of my mother's  
warnings caused me to think. Then  
the Spirit of God took hold of me.  
I had no peace until I fell on my  
knees and asked God to take away  
my sin. He did it. The desire to  
fight was gone, except to engage in  
the great warfare against sin and the  
devil. I felt at once my ignorance  
keenly. I knew it was my own fault  
that I did not understand how to  
read. When urged to make with the  
church I refused, fearing lest my  
ignorance should be exposed.  
Soon after this I became acquaint-  
ed with a little Roman Catholic girl,  
whom I loved, and notwithstanding  
the difference in our creeds I married  
her.

FOR A LONG TIME previous to this  
I had felt that God had wanted me  
to launch out more upon His word,  
and learn more of Him, but I had not  
sought to understand His will con-  
cerning me, and consequently was  
striving to serve Him in the dark.  
I became more concerned with in-  
creased responsibilities. I did not  
wish to commit my sinners, having  
before refused His advice. My wife  
also became anxious about her soul.  
She wanted to go to her priest, but  
he was thirty miles away. We both  
RESORTED TO PRAYER night and  
day. We soon saw the light.  
Praise God, my wife was beautifully  
saved. It was no trouble for me to  
find out God's will. We both had a  
burning desire to bring souls to His  
feet, and each took a class in Sab-  
bath school. You may ask how could  
you teach, neither knowing how to  
read.

**God Taught Us**  
that, too. We had beautiful seasons.  
Many were brought to knowledge  
of the truth. Our scholars, too, were  
educated. God used the foolish to  
confound the wise.

I have had some beautiful instances,  
too, of the effect of prayer in my life.  
Once I was on board a vessel on  
the Pacific, where some GERMAN  
SEA PRINCES were running them-  
selves by dancing on Sunday. Being  
a Presbyterian, Sabbath-breaking  
was a terrible sin to me. I in-  
sisted the captain to have it stopped.  
This he did. When I was known to  
be the cause of it my life was en-  
dangered. While out swimming one  
day, a German, a huge mon-  
ster, raised his forearm, with  
the intention of shooting me.  
I had no way of helping myself,  
but a prayer to God soon made him  
flee.

Yes, perfect obedience brings vic-  
tory. I had quite a time before I  
would consent to write with the S.  
A. I was a Salvationist long before  
I knew it.

PETERBORO—Snowed out, sol-  
diers sunnily, holy and blessing  
Sunday, wonderful times all day. One  
soul—S.C. May.

KINGSTON—Mighty week of work  
and toil. Our Harvest Festival tar-  
get was \$100, but we got the grand  
amount of \$185. Portsmouth, our  
outpost, got \$300, which was five over  
their target. Capt. W. G. for Ender  
McLean.

CARLETON—Everything hustle  
and bustle. Farmers busy. The  
men busy, the devil busy, and the Sal-  
vation Army is busy, too. Much in-  
to the Harvest Festival. Coming over  
our target. Jolly, happy week-end.  
The backslider and a sister tumbled  
into the fountain. A sister got a full  
salvation. Every one bubbling up  
with joy and thanksgiving. The sin-  
ners got happy because our backslid-  
er brother came back. After the  
meeting the devil got into the bar-  
nicks and stole all the fruit he could  
find. But we are praying God will  
save the souls that he seed.—A.W.



A BACKSLIDER'S DOOM.

## The Backslider's Doom.

A Captain in charge of A BACK-  
BLOCK TOWNSHIP, when surveying  
his Sunday night audience, was de-  
lighted to see a man who, some time  
back, had occupied a prominent po-  
sition among the soldiers, having been  
a commissioned local officer. Under  
the stress of peculiar temptation he  
had, unfortunately, given way and  
had become AN OPEN BACKSLIDER.  
The Captain made up his mind to  
make

Tuesday night cottage meeting, and  
was again powerfully pleaded with,  
but without avail: still the same an-  
swer—"I'll wait till Colonel Dowdle  
comes" (the Colonel was expected on  
the Friday afternoon).

On Thursday evening, the work for  
the day being over, our backsliding  
comrade took his way home, and was  
soon seated at the tea table sur-  
rounded by his wife and family. While  
engaged in serving some meat to the  
children, he

### Suddenly Fell Back.

In his chair, knife and fork in hand.  
Constitution fell upon the family  
group; they hurriedly rushed to the  
stricken one's side, only to find that  
he had breathed his last.

On Friday afternoon, when Colonel  
Dowdle arrived, the Captain poured  
into his ear the tragic tale. The  
backslider, who had put off his sal-  
vation until the Colonel's coming, had  
gone into eternity.

On Saturday, as the sad little fun-  
eral procession wound its way to the  
cemetery, the Colonel watched the  
casket being carried on the shoulders  
of some stalwart Salvationists. It  
was all he ever saw of the backslider  
who waited for him. In the face of  
such an awful warning, how true are  
the words, "He that being often re-  
proved hardeneth his neck, shall sud-  
denly be destroyed, and that without  
remedy."—Australian Cry.



'I Draw the Line at That.'

I'm willing to be a soldier,  
I'm willing to speak and pray;  
I'm willing to give a solo  
And to help in a general way;  
I'm willing to show my colors  
To give up my Sunday hat—  
But when it comes to tobacco,  
I draw the line at that!

I'm willing to fire my cartridges,  
I'm willing to sell the Cry;  
I'm willing to be a door-keeper.  
I'm almost willing to die;  
I'm willing to be derided.  
To be called a dog or cat;  
But when it comes to tobacco  
I draw the line at that!  
I'd like to be the Treasurer,  
I'd like to be the show;  
I'd like to march behind the band,  
I'd like a proper "go".  
But when you speak of tobacco,  
I begin to smell a rat,  
For though I'd join God's Army,  
Yet I draw the line at that!

AMUTANT PHILLIPS,  
Jamaica.

## The Word of God Saved Him.

A most interesting story is told of  
the Chitral campaign. It is of one  
of the King's Own Scottish Borderers  
during his life saved by his Bible, the  
story being vouched for by Captain  
Macfarlane of that regiment. It was  
during the forcing of the Mainland  
Pass that the Borderer fell, being hit  
heavily in the chest. Captain Macfar-  
lane ran to him, and, opening his coat,  
found that the bullet, the impact of  
which had forced him to the ground,  
was buried in his Bible. The volume  
had been given to him by one of the  
nursing sisters in the hospital at  
Pooni, where he had been a patient.  
—Mail and Empire, Toronto.

## West 14th Street Jollings.

The event of the week is THE MID-  
NIGHT OPEN AIR, led by Mrs. Bail-  
ington Booth, with the slum soldiers  
and officers and the Headquarters  
staff at Battery Place, New York  
City.

Previous to the open air Mrs. Booth  
had A TEA AND COUNCIL with her  
slum officers and soldiers. To be  
there and see on every hand, some of  
the most remarkable trophies of God's  
grace, was enough to make any Sal-  
vationist leap for joy.

Then came a march down BROAD-  
WAY TO THE BATTERY. Everyone  
has heard of Broadway, but never  
before has the Army been privileged  
to march down that great thorough-  
fare. By the time the Battery was  
reached thousands were following the  
march, which was headed by a com-  
mand band. The best of attention  
was paid to everything that was  
said, and although the crowd was an  
extremely rough one, when two of  
our slum lasses sang,  
"Your mother still prays for you,  
Jack,"  
the silence was intense.

And now for a grand battaliole. No  
less than TWENTY-THREE knelt AT  
THE DRUM HEAD on the pavement.  
Glory to God for ever! It is proposed  
to continue these midnight meetings  
all over the city.

The arresting devil is at large  
again. All over the country our of-  
ficers and soldiers are being arrested  
and cast into filthy jails for preach-  
ing the Gospel. Staff-Capt. Winchell,  
officers and soldiers have been locked  
up in Madison, Wis., and just as I  
write, a wire comes from Staff-Capt.  
Gifford, to tell us that officers and  
soldiers of Pontiac, Mich., have been  
arrested and outrageously treated.

Plans for self-denial week are be-  
ginning to loom up, and rumors of an  
immense Congress in the fall reach  
our ears.

## THE INTERVALS.

In the kitchen doorway, underneath  
its arch of swaying vines and de-  
pendant purple clusters, the old woman  
sat, tired and warm, vigorously fan-  
ning her face with her calico apron.

### "Thanksgiving Ann."

Her name was oddly acquired from  
an old anthem that she used to sing  
somewhat on this wise—

"Thanksgivin' an—  
"Johnny, don't play dar in de water,  
chile!"  
"Thanksgivin' an—  
"Run away now, Susie, dearie!"  
"Thanksgivin' an—  
"Take care o' dat breaded baby!  
Here's some gingerbread for him.  
"Thanksgivin' and de voice of mel-  
od—"

Yes, laugh. But looking after all  
these little things, and her work, her  
duty; and she spent the intervals in  
singing praise. Do many of us make  
better use of our spare moments?

## HIG-GLY H NORED.

"Brer" Thomas solicited some-  
what loudly at the Baptist camp-  
meeting, to the effect that his mother,  
in the good old days of yore, used to  
make the diet fly from his coat-tails  
to the tune of "Palmes of Victory."  
We opine that the average small boy  
should consider himself highly honor-  
ed when spoken to that way, as it  
is delightfully inspiring when applied  
with a sipping, and bringeth forth  
the peaceable fruits of righteousness.  
—Tudor House Cry.

Capt. Stevens of Slough, appeared  
before the magistrate, and was  
asked if she was prepared to pay the  
fine. She replied, "No." "Was she  
prepared to go to prison?" "Yes."  
"Would she promise not to have any  
more meetings?" "She could not."  
She was given another fortnight to  
think it over.



**Mar**  **Tru.**

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF  
**THE SALVATION ARMY**  
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

*A Journal directed to the salvation of the lost and sanctification of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places.*  
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

### OUR THIRTEENTH.

The distribution of our 13th Anniversary Celebrations to the various Provincial centres is a praiseworthy piece of administration, and will secure the gratitude and enthusiastic appreciation of our comrades in the Provinces, who reap the benefit.

### Ho, for the Provinces!

The dates chosen are particularly opportune, and the arrangements are such that a very great many of our people, soldiers and friends, as well as officers, will have the opportunity of seeing their Commissioner face to face and hearing his weighty and striking declarations on eternal truth.

### A Genuine Privilege.

Those who know the Commandant best love and respect him the most. It is therefore with especial pleasure we call the attention of our readers to his Provincial campaigns, and advise them on no account to miss the glorious times coming on.

### SAVE SOULS.

SOUL-SAVING is the keynote of the hour. The Commandant is evidently determined to keep the main issue well to the front during these Thirteenth Anniversary Demonstrations. Every man and woman in the ranks should elench his efforts in this respect.

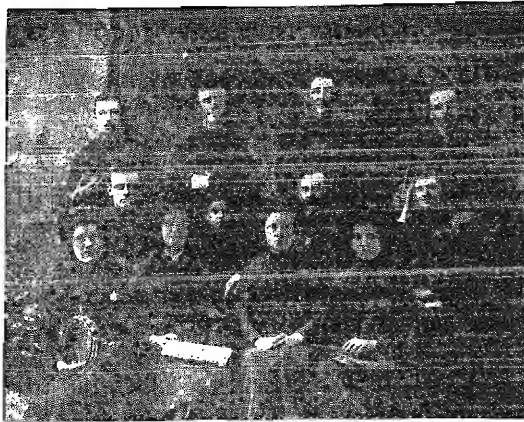
We wish to call the earnest attention of each and everyone to TWO ESSENTIAL FACTORS in securing the success we all crave.

### First.

"HE THAT WINNETH SOULS IS WISE." That is, an unwise person will not win them, wisdom is essential. Wisdom is defined to be "the best choice of means to an end." The temperature of the atmosphere of a hall, its size, the methods of attracting the people's attention to the meetings, and very many other material things influence very strongly the success of a campaign; the arranging of these matters is in the hands of the Provincial Secretaries, who are wise and experienced in all these matters, but the rank and file must remember that no general can win a fight, let him be a veritable Wellington, unless his soldiers are responsive to his plans and purposes; therefore it is at this very point we desire first to especially enlist the co-operation of the soldiers for the sake of souls. For the sake of never-dying souls we all want to see moved, mind your leader's instructions and carry them out like clock-work.

### Secondly.

"NOT BY MIGHT NOR BY POWER, BUT BY MY SPIRIT, SAITH THE LORD." The arrangements may be perfect, obedience prompt and particular, the whole machinery fitting together like the complex construction of a great locomotive, but unless those vital currents of spiritual life, which prove the presence of the Holy Ghost, prevail, the campaign will be but a dry, ineffectual thing after all. Mark! It is not enough



Left: E. McIlroy, Tommy Harrison, Sgt. Haggis McIntyre, Sgt. Macle Johnson, Capt. G. Blunt, Little Frank Davidson, Capt. Bob Lawrence, Sam McNell, Sgt. G. A. Lovell, Sgt. Annie Harrison, Capt. Watkins, Tommy Cooper.

for the leader of the campaign to be charged with Divine power; if it is absent amongst the soldiers the Holy Ghost will not work, souls will not be saved. In such a case it is no good talking to sinners, the stumbling-block of ink-warm snailship must be cleared away and the troops brought into living connection with God the Holy Ghost, then souls will be saved. Comrades, are we ready for soul-saving? Are we each committed to and controlled by the Holy Ghost?

"How can He be got," do you ask? See! THIS KIND GOETH NOT OUT BUT BY PRAYER AND FASTING. Fasting - which says NO TO SELF every time, and YES TO JESUS as He gives His life to the heart; prayer - which develops to communion, fellowship, ecstasy, and comes forth after long waiting in the secret place bright with Shekinah glory. Are you a praying man? If so, you are a powerful man. Prepare, comrades, prepare! If each warrior comes to the light spiritually filled, the power of God will prevail, the victory will be assured, the Commandant and those who have front-rank responsibility will be lifted up, inspired, and made channels of rich and lasting blessing to precious souls. God grant it.

### REFLECTIONS FOR THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY DEMONSTRATIONS.

CHARACTER BUILDING is God's great work, far more important to Him and us than that we should see the fruit of our labor every time, and look in the sunshine of visible success.

THE ONLY GENUINELY satisfactory and permanent method of character building is that which commences at the cross of Jesus Christ; with a true faith in God and a hearty renunciation of every known evil practice.

"CROWNS AND THRONES may perish, kingdoms rise and wane," and the great men who wore their gowns and hords pass from the wearing of the royal purple and the halls of the Senators, but the individual who has received and is controlled by the SPIRIT OF TRUTH, and thru' that SPIRIT is successful in securing the salvation of sinners, is doing a work which will endure when the thrones of empires and potentates have passed away "like the business fabric of a dream."

A HOG in a palace would be a hog still. You would have to change his nature to make him fit with his surroundings. The world has already

seen the proof of this in the history of people who in the midst of learning, art and culture were enslaved by the worst vices. Regeneration casts out the hog nature and confers the divine nature, - love.

OH, THE MAGNIFICENT privilege of being a co-worker with God in procuring the change of nature and character from sin to righteousness which we call conversion. Do we Salvationists appreciate this privilege?



Colonel Jai Bhaj has been appointed to take charge of Gujarat.

Commissioner Rees has been leading wonderful meetings at Woodscock, Capetown. A hundred souls were captured.

A home for the deaf and dumb is being started by Commissioner Hildebrand.

The Fleet Division of our Indian Army has raised seven Bhed candidates. A visitor who has seen them describes them as likely to make real backbone officers, not at all after the jelly-fish style.

The shelter at Malaga (Sweden) is crowded out every night, and Commissioner Kihlstedt has decided on an immediate extension from sixty to 110 beds.

The South African coloured winter War Cry went off like wild-fire. They were unable to supply the demand, though some twelve thousand copies were printed.

Major Pearce's letter from Lisbon reports all well, and although out of the four hundred passengers on board, only about fifty are English, he is doing his best in meetings and efforts for their blessing and salvation.

The drink bill at most London hospitals is much less than it used to be. At Guy's, for instance, the sum yearly expended on alcoholic liquors for the patients is at a rate of nine shillings a bed. In 1882 it was no less than £3 9s!

Capt. Legge of the I.H.Q. Trade Headquarters, has emphasized on the back of his garter a new and original motto. It runs, "Every penny profit help to save the world."

## Personalia.

### ANNIVERSARY SCHOOL FROM TORONTO.

THE COMMANDANT leaves on Saturday for his trip to the West Ontario Province to conduct his revival meetings, which have been so encouraging in Toronto. Then follows the East Ontario Province, the Maritime Province, and Newfoundland. Major Strout will accompany the Commandant.

BIGGARD CLIBBORN expects to arrive in the city in the course of ten days. We shall be glad to welcome him and listen to his experience.

THERE IS every prospect of Mrs. Booth visiting the Northwest and Pacific Provinces in December, and the Commandant in January.

CAPTAIN DODGE comes to Headquarters to assist in the Finance Department.

MAJOR HOWELL is here, there and everywhere these days. Not far off you will be sure to come across Adjutant Ayre.

ENSIGN AICKETT knows how to finger a guitar.

ADJUTANT MANTON has the gift of "tears in his voice" when singing a solo. A great gift, says our leader.

ENSIGN RITCHIE afforded the council much amusement by his "great feelings."

CAPTAIN McKENZIE, of Richmond street, should be commemorated on his very artistic style of painting notices.

COLONEL HOLLAND was appointed the Commandant's "Lieutenant" and Brigadier Jacobs "Sergeant-Major" during the councils.

"FATHER" MILES, from Barré, figured greatly as a joking Salvationist.

BRIGADIER JACOBS has few equals in leading a prayer meeting. Truly a "wrestling Jacob."

THE COMMANDANT'S Bible readings are all. They go right to the heart of the matter.

LIEUTENANT SLATER, from the Manitowish Islands, showed the shrewdness of his Scotch nature in a certain question re the War Cry that was under discussion.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SOUTHALL, now, is you please. The Adjutant got a first-rate bounce out of the old title into the new.

CAPTAIN WOOD came to the Council on crutches. She fell from the rig when out collecting for Harvest Festival.

ENSIGN LOWRY was introduced to the large Temple audience on the Sunday night as the new officer for that corps.

ENSIGN BURETTE made himself thoroughly at home among his new Canadian comrades.

ENSIGN BLACKBURN, the Colborne-Bishop, had much difficulty in convincing his colleagues in Council on a certain point, but he means well.

ENSIGN TAYLOR speaks right from the shoulder. Very straight, indeed when she gets on one of her favorite subjects.

ENSIGN DOWELL stole away from the West Ontario Province and came over to see us.

CAPTAIN JIM ADAMS, just returned from his Northwest forlough, is now familiarly known as "London-Boy."

THE LASSIES' BANDS are doing good service.

THIRTEENTH Anniversary, Harbors! A THIRTEEN years' miracle - the Army in Canada.

THIRTEEN years of fighting, and in spite of all setbacks, crowned with glorious victory. Provincial centres celebrate. U B there.

ANNIVERSARY meetings are for souls. Pray! pray! pray!!!

HAVE GOD AND THE ARMY doing anything for you? If so, show your gratitude by joining in the fight for souls.

# ANNIVERSARY

THIRTEENTH  
London, E.

## THE - COM

Plenty of People

SUNDAY

Thirteenth Anniversary  
ings Multip

"You cannot have 3 out it, too," says the that is just about what place this season in the celebrating the Army Anniversary in this city. Last year ONE big at the Territorial marked the recurrence does event, but now will take a hand in and do it within the c Commencing with tario Province, the bi vote record to the W Eastern Ontario, Marl founded Provinces. the commandant to spect a much larger operations; secondly, other Provincial centu of a campaign simila hitherto held at the tre, and thirdly, it w adobe sum of money, ndage covered by the their journeys to and the chief benefits.

### The General S-or

"There will not out tages mentioned," said als, from whom we b the above information Provincial centre our been arranged to take ously with the annu Editions, consequently take advantage of t the rates to each p point, which the Com have mentioned to a pages will be DEVO TO SOUL-SAVING; the social work, recen etc., will hold over content nation." "So is the motto.

### Toronto Gets F

Toronto gets the f by the thirteenth appreciates the priv held himself out to by way of arrangen Ed the time of writ going along like a doctor of the Tem traint with yellow Captain McKenzie, w a variety of acqui salvation truth pol ed stuff about Ch wherever a sinner l one's straight truth right off. Here are

"Wake up! You sty to-morrow."

Be square with yo

Why not a Pentec

There are lots of

advertising beside: we are having, to

Monton. "high-fala

General F

The campaign pro

## Personalities.

## UNIVERSARY SCHOOLS FROM TORONTO.

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MAJOR MCKENZIE, of Richmond, should be complimented on his artistic style of painting portraits.

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MAJOR DOWELL stole away from his Ontario Province and came to see us.

MAJOR JIM ADAMS, just returned from his Northwest furlough, is familiarly known as "Longfellow."

LASSIES' BANDS are doing nicely.

THIRTEENTH Anniversary. Hurrah! Thirteen years' miracle — the Canada.

THIRTEEN years of fighting, and of all set-backs, crowned with victory. Provincial centres are U. B. there.

ESAYARY meetings are for ray! ray! ray!

GOD AND THE ARMY done for you? If so, show your love by joining in the fight for

# THE WAR CRY. THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY \* CELEBRATIONS!

THE QUEEN CITY HAS IT FIRST,  
London, Kingston, St. John, N. B., and St. John, Nfld., to Follow.

The First Day's Fight a Triumph.

THE - COMMANDANT - ON - THE - BRIDGE - THROUGHOUT.

Plenty of People—Big Open-Airs—Powerful Addresses—Three Seekers in Morning, Six in the Afternoon, and Seven at Night.

THE WEEK NIGHT MEETINGS GOING WELL.

## SUNDAY.

Thirteenth Anniversary Blessings Multiplied.

"You cannot have your cake and eat it, too," says the old adage, but that is just about what is taking place this season in the way we are celebrating the Army's Thirteenth Anniversary in this territory.

Last year ONE big demonstration at the Territorial Headquarters marked the recurrence of the auspicious event, but now each Province will take a hand in the jubilation, and do it within its own borders.

Commencing with the Central Ontario Province, the big games will revolve round to the Western Ontario, Eastern Ontario, Maritime, and Newfoundland Provinces. This will enable the Commandant to personally inspect a much larger area of Army operations; secondly, it will give the other Provincial centres the benefits of a campaign similar to the one hitherto held at the Territorial centre, and thirdly, it will save a considerable sum of money in the reduced mileage covered by the officers in their journeys to and fro. These are the chief benefits.

The General Secretary Speaks

"There will not only be the advantages mentioned," said Brigadier Jacobs, "from whom we had just elicited the above information, but at each Provincial centre our meetings have been arranged to take place simultaneously with the annual industrial exhibitions, consequently our people will take advantage of the cheap travelling rates to each place. Another point, which the Commandant may have mentioned to you, these campaigns will be DEVOTED STRICTLY TO SOUL-SAVING; explanations on the social work, recent advances, etc., etc., will hold over for a more convenient season." "Soul-saving only," is the motto.

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Sunday morning. The various city corps united for the first meeting, making the Sabbath-keeping streets of Toronto brilliant with music as they thronged to the rendezvous. They filled the Jubilee Hall, too, so the Commandant had a good audience when he took the bridge. The afternoon and evening congregations were also good. Said Major Howell to me, as he surveyed the crowd assembled in the Temple at night, "This reminds me of old days at the Temple."

The bulk of the platform work was done by the Commandant, whose heart was evidently heavily weighted with the importance of the campaign. He conducted himself like an ambassador of the living God, who knew the great responsibility of his mission, and the profound truthfulness and importance of those truths he had to deliver.

He threw himself, in spite of unfitness physically, full force into the van of the day's battle, and worked at the foot of the endurance, speaking, praying, and fishing. Colonel Holland and Major Streeton were prominent aides, while Brigadier Jacobs, as wily a soul-saver as ever stepped on a platform, led the prayer-meetings, ending with fiery appeal, awful adjuration, and hard horse-sense, all at every wind-up victory's triumphant banner fluted serenely over the penitent forum.

The Wrestling Meetings.

The prayer-meetings were well fought out. There were three surrenders in the morning. This number was doubled, however, in the afternoon, but at night the toughest resistance of all was encountered. Before the Commandant went, fishing there were two persons out, one of whom jumped over three or four forms. Then a fearful spirit of rebellion settled on the people. In some cases tears would flow, in others the inward writhing of conviction was plainly manifested. At last, by a clever strategic movement, the Brigadier took the sinners under the combined fire of all the guns, with the result that five more prisoners were captured, making sixteen at the penitent forum for the day. Hallelujah!

This was good, but if those who went away with the guilt of another rejection on their consciences had come to Christ instead, there would have been sixty-six, but it is to be feared that there are some Christ-rejectors attending the Temple meetings who are so fossilized in their rebellion that nothing will awaken them till in their death-throes they feel the clutch of the devil upon them, but then, alas, it will be too late. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered you together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but YE WOULD NOT."

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Both staff and field officers were there, a nice little company of God's favorite warriors. Major Campbell once more favored us with his "Two little girls in blue," attitude and gesture included. The Commandant explained his plans for the coming anniversary meetings, his hopes, his desires, and his determinations. Oh, for a universal revival all over the Canadian and Northwestern field!

By way of creating a family feeling, the meeting was turned into a high-class testimony meeting, the Commandant acting as Captain, his Lieutenant being Colonel Holland, Sergeant-Major Brigadier Jacobs, and the remainder all soldiers. The spirit of true Salvationism, out-and-out, pervaded the whole assembly. It was inspiring to hear each successive speaker announce his or her determination to live, fight, and die a Salvationist. And not in a weak-water style, either, were these vows made. In fact, it made one think that a special visitation from Heaven of the blood-and-fire love for our dear Army had been our portion.

One of the most pleasing incidents that happened was the promotion of Adjutant Southall to a Staff-Captaincy, a well-merited honor indeed. The loudest he got was the outcome of the love we bore. God bless Staff-Captain Southall.

One after another we heard, and as we looked into the faces and listened to the up-to-date testimonies of old comrades the bands of love and unity were strengthened. The Commandant's words of counsel and advice still lingered in our ears as we left the hall and prepared for the night meeting.

Fragments of the Addresses.

Our Commandant's addresses were splendid, so rich, full, striking, and powerful. Those who pay attention to his logical utterances and follow the thread of his arguments are full of expressions of pleasure at the singularly rich and full portraiture of truth he pours forth.

The morning address from the well-known sentence of the great apostle, commencing, "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord," was good to the spiritual palate. Strength, the Commandant declared, was the criterion of genuineness in all religion. Did it make a man stronger than he would be without it? was the test. The strong win the race, training was much, but there must first be strength else all other achievement was useless. The illustration of the end of life with two characters, one who had received strength from God and lived a conqueror, and the other, from whose lips was issuing the sad confession in a dying hour, "My life has been a failure," was most impressive, and drove home the truths already presented.

At night the Commandant read from the eleventh chapter of Matthew's Gospel at the words, "Then began He to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done." Turning the truths of this scripture into the present tense, and commencing with the words, "You are lying, Toronto," he drew a startling parallel. Toronto, favored city, enlightened people, with the remembrance of thy Sabbath school days,

city of churches, sermons, teachers, and greatly privileged—had Tyre and Sidon stood on such an altitude of time, and been able to look back on that state of things—Christ on Calvary, as does Toronto, they would have repented in sackcloth and ashes; as it was, the judgment would be less awful and the penalty less severe upon these cities than upon those who reject Christ in this. Why? Because penality is in proportion to the light and privilege we despise. Jesus said of those who have light and yet love darkness, to them shall be the greater damnation. You deal with your child on the same principle: you do not punish it for what it does not know, but according to its light and knowledge. It will be more tolerable for the idolater who takes from his pocket his god of brass to worship, or the Parsee who worships the sun, than for the heathen of modern times who know God's truth and sport with it, who hear of God's judgment and flout it. You are going to be judged according to what you KNEW. The church minister's warnings, your mother's prayers, with every good influence that reached you will all be brought into the balance when you are acquitted or condemned; better never to hear the voice of God again till you meet Him in judgment, if you are still determined to fight Him.

Find me the man (except him said I'll understand it all or I'll have something to do with it.) Give mere arguments a knock-down blow.

In comparing notes of these addresses with the actual thing as delivered on the platform with all the force and fervor of a great heart and mind aflame with the realization of the profound truths presented, a feeling of deep disappointment comes over me that no adequate idea is given the reader of our leader's platform deliverances.

MONDAY NIGHT'S FIGHT.

As Seen by Capt. Ross A Detailed Description and a Drum-Head Penitent.

COMMANDANT AND MAJOR HOWELL, led the way from the Temple doors, where already a curious crowd had gathered at the strains of the Staff band.

Down Yonge to Adelaide, where the double ring of Salvationists is surrounded by a dense throng of hearers and lookers-on. "On your knees, comrades, sing it from your hearts." How it rings out from 200 voices, the grand old consecration chorus:

"I will follow Thee, my Saviour,  
Thou hast shed Thy blood for me;  
And though all this world forsake me,  
By Thy grace I'll follow Thee."

The Commandant calls on "the oldest and the youngest." It is touching to see them standing in the ring together, the old man with snowy hair and flowing beard, looking quite patriarchal, with the voice of the well-remembered, yet with clear testimony to the truth of God's word that "At eventide it shall be light," and the boy with the bloom of youth and youth upon his cheek, and his manhood's possibilities just opening out before him, standing to acknowledge Jesus as his Saviour and Guide.

Three sisters step into the ring. The first thinks she is the happiest girl in Toronto, to God be the glory, but Commandant surmises that the next battle will probably dispute her claim, which she does by the declaration, "I think I am the happiest girl in the world."

Four tall soldiers, whom the Commandant playfully styles "the six-foot brigade," give straight testimony. Brigadier Jacobs urges the sinners to act as they would do if they knew they had but five minutes to live, and while the lovely words are sung:

"The wounds of Christ are open,  
Smear, they were made for thee,"  
a poor lad kneels at the drum-head.

Inside Meeting.

THE MAIN HALL of the Temple is already fairly well filled on our return, and the march, as it is intended that it should, draws large numbers to the meeting.

The opening song strikes the keynote of the evening, "Oh, wanderer,

knowing not the smile of Jesus' lovely face."

Major Complin and Ensign Wale lead us to God for His blessing of Holy Ghost power.

"On thro' the lingering years of life God's message of mercy is urging."

Is the refrain of the solo which followed, and the intent faces of the audience and the hush show that the words are striking home. Ensign Taylor declares that "A wonderful Saviour is Jesus," from personal experience of the truth. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Bell (nee Major Chatterton, of Eastbourne fame), on a visit from Buffalo, where they are in charge of the "Salvation Ark," are greeted with hearty welcome as they make their way to the front. A solo from him, and Mrs. Bell speaks of her pleasure in being with us, in recognizing old friends in the Commandant and Colonel Holland (who was her first D.O.), and others all in the knowledge of God and His power to save and to keep.

The Commandant takes the Bible and reads the story of

#### Wrestling Jacob,

while all true hearts are lifted to God for His blessing on the speaker and the word. It was so intensely interesting for me to take a verbatim report and I began able, but a few outlines will be full of blessing:—

After robbing Esau of his birthright Jacob had fled from his home. It is a strange coincidence that many men prosper after they have transgressed. It had been so with Jacob. He went away twenty years before, poor and alone. Now he was returning with much wealth, a great man, smiled upon by fortune. But here in Esau's country Esau—THE EMBODIMENT OF HIS PAST DECEIT AND SIN, and the guilty conscience which makes cowards of us all is aroused. How is he to meet this man Esau? He trembles at the thought. Will Esau take revenge for the past? He looks around on his flocks and possessions, and then at the wife he loves, and says of Esau, "I fear him lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children."

He is a cunning man, he has done much by trickery before, he will buy the favor of Esau, and he sends presents and messengers to Esau, who says, "Thy servant Jacob, my lord Esau." He seeks to compromise with his sin. The lust of his possessions he sends another way—he will secure something for himself, he acts out the principle of non-surrender. The messengers returned sternly. "Sinner, God will have no compromise with you. Morality will not satisfy God's justice. Esau and 400 men are coming to meet him—Esau equivalent to his sin, the 400 men is retribution. Every man's sin is coming to meet him slowly, perhaps, but none the less surely, and not alone, but bringing its own retribution with it.

What can he do? What did he do? Did what millions of other sinners have done since: went to God (thinks of holiness). His prayer was for deliverance. The thought of his loved ones suffering through his sin was better to him. He prayed for them. Sinner, how about your wife and children? Are they not suffering and to suffer through your sin? Given by God to be saved for heaven, are you rearing them for damnation? Then he made restitution; sent all he had "over the ford Jabbok," and remained alone with God until the morning. Nothing held him back now. He risked all. "And there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day." Not that Jacob wrestled with God, but God came and wrestled with Jacob; wrestled with him about his past, his present, his future. So still does God wrestle with the sinner. By the grave-side of some dear one, as the cold clay dropped upon the coffin-lid God wrestled with you. Kneeling by the dying couch of wife or child, clasping the stiffened hand, looking into the fast-closing eyes, God has wrestled with you. Then Jacob wrestles with God. "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me." But not for love. God asks of him the question asked of every sinner, "What is thy name?" The name in the old days was significant of the CHARACTER of the individual. The answer to the question meant a confession of the nature, the character, underneath the name.

Sinner, what is thy name? What is the name of that sin that determines your character, that makes you what you are?

Various are the answers, various are the individuals' natures vary. Lust, avarice, pride, Sinner, what is thy name? Then Jacob asks God for His name.

Who art Thou?

What is Thy character?

God answered Jacob as he will answer every other sinner, not by a reply to his reason or his curiosity, but by a blessing in his heart. "He blessed him there," and he came out from the wrestlings of that night no longer Jacob, the supplanter, but a new man with a new name, Israel, a Prince.

"Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart, Come quickly from above, Write Thy new name upon my heart, Thy best name of love."

Practical lessons:—

1. Be sure your sin will find you out.  
2. However black the sin may be, God can save and change the heart.  
A well-thought-out prayer-meeting concluded the attack.

(The balance of the meetings will be reported next week.)

## Quaint Quips.

### Hardly Appropriate.

A collection was lifted in a Boston Sunday school for a foreign mission, and the pupils of one class were asked each to repeat a verse from the Bible appropriate to the occasion. The first boy said:

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Good!" cried all. And then they went on: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and so on.

One boy staggered the teacher a bit by quoting, "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak," but a certain amount of appropriateness was recognized.

"Give the devil his due," lengthened some faces when the next boy blurted out, but the climax was reached and the quotations ended when another boy shouted, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

### How to Reach the Masses.

"Help, help!" cried the father, "I'm drowning! Toss me a line!"

"I haven't got a line," shouted the man on shore, "but if you'll keep up five minutes I'll run up to the hotel and get my swimmer's manual. It'll tell you what to do in a case of this kind."

But it was not necessary. A kindly wave came along and washed the father ashore in safety.



Candidate Care for Lazarus.

This above is the picture of Candidate Murdock, of Wingham, Ont. The number of boxes she has scattered throughout Wingham is 50. From these \$8.05 was gathered during the last collection. No doubt when she becomes a field officer she will inspire others to take hold of the G. E. M. scheme.

Across that Bourne from Whence no Traveller Returns.

## FATHER KEMP,

One of Hamilton's Earliest Warriors.

"WELL DONE, GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT."

"We'll all stand the storm, it won't be long. We'll anchor by and bye."

was a favorite chorus of our comrades. It can now be said that he STOOD THE STORM, and is anchored safely where no storms can reach his barque.



FATHER KEMP, Hamilton I.

FATHER KEMP was one of the first soldiers of Hamilton I. corps, and

### For Eleven Years

stood by the cause he espoused. He DIED A SOLDIER, with the same love that constrained him to enlist beneath the yellow, red and blue.

He loved the Army, and was always at his post, ever ready to give his testimony, or a word of cheer and encouragement to his fellow-comrades. He was a lover of early kneedrift, and was present to the last.

The writer visited him during his illness, and found him patiently suffering. He said, "I thought I was going last night," and seemed to be disappointed that he did not go. When

### Suffering Intense Pain

he would look up and say, "My blessed Jesus is so good to me—it won't be long. I'll soon be with him, when I shall know no more pain."

For him of a truth death had lost its sting and the grave its victory.

We gave him A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL. His remains were carried outside the house and then into the open air, with a large crowd of soldiers and friends. We had a most impressive service. A large crowd of soldiers fell in line and followed to the cemetery.

At the grave the crowd that had gathered listened attentively to the comrades who spoke of our departed comrade, and there by the open grave we promised again to be true and fight the fight of faith until we also hear the "well done."

Sunday night A MEMORIAL SERVICE was held, where a number of comrades spoke of the loss of so faithful a comrade, and of his Christ-like life on earth. A man and his wife, backsliders, volunteered and found pardon for the past. They promised to take their places in the ranks of the Army and be soldiers loyal and true.

ENOS MCLAN.

She Turns and Waves Her Hand.

MILLBROOK—MRS. WM. RAPER, formerly LIEUT. KILLINGHAM, has gone. We know she is with Jesus. Though suffering much, she felt Jesus was near. She could hear the bells of Heaven ringing.

Frequently she would say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come and take me."

"Come Quickly, do, Dear Jesus."

Throwing her arms round her husband's neck, who was weeping over her, she said, "Don't cry, Billy. I shall soon be in glory, and, oh, prepare to meet me there!"

We gave her AN ARMY FUNERAL, and beside her grave we promised to be true and meet her in Heaven. She was ONE OF THE FIRST SOLDIERS in the corps, and at the memorial service one after another spoke of how she had been a blessing and help to them. After years of faithful service, for a short time our sister's experience was the sad one of a backslider, but last April—the thinking death was so near—the came back to the Saviour, and he received her and healed all her backslidings. The husband of our comrade has come out on the Lord's side.

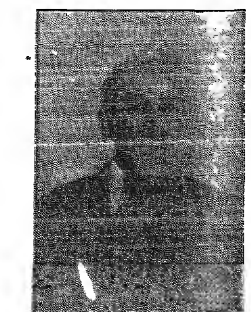
CAPT. YERX.

PENTH—Death has visited our ranks and taken away the twin children of BROTHER AND SISTER CHAS. MOORE, which were dedicated but a short time ago. They were taken away within two weeks of each other. Brother and Sister Moore gave the prayers and sympathy of comrades and friends.—Capt. Teeple.

## SELF!

BY MAJOR DEAN.

If we are correctly instructed, this Self turned angels to devils and transformed pure innocence into guilt, drew a curtain over the smiling face of God, troubled the angels, and opened the night of woe and death over all the world of human beings. Self opened the fountain of tears which has never been stopped, made the nerves roads for the feet of pain to read, and the arteries rivers thro' which flow disease, madness and death. What caused the wars, the groans in the hospitals, the wails of the hungry in our streets, the pains which the poor neglected child feels as she vainly seeks some shelter? Self did it all, and yet Self always cries, "Not me!" When the first man was called to account for the missing fruit as well as for his missing confidence, he exclaimed, "Not me, the woman!" and, true to the element beotten within her own heart, the woman said, "Not me, the serpent." Do not parents recognize the same thing in their children? How often a child caught red-handed in mischief will say, "Not me!" And the Self may never always be identified by his habit of denouncing himself.—From "Full Salvation."



FATHER CONNER, Spotswood, sold 33. One in one day.

## WASHINGTON

Griffith's Corner  
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SHORT HISTORY OF  
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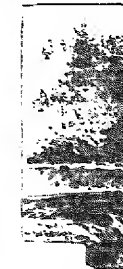
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# THE WAR CRY.

## OFFICERS WHO OPENED GRAFTON.



Adj. Rawlings, Lieut. Anderson, Capt. Spencer, Capt. Kemp, Lieut. Gibson, and Lieut. Gibson.

## TRUE!

"LET'S FIND OUT" gives this little picture true to life in Canada as well as in the States:

Some people, I believe, want to run away every time their ears tingle. They are not saved above superstition, and they are always hanging somebody is talking in about them if their ears throb.

Not long ago I was in a strange corps, and I went to a young woman who did not hold up her hand when I asked for that evidence of who was saved. I went because no one else went near her. I suppose the rest knew who she was, and so did not try to talk to her.

"Are you saved?" I asked. "No," she gasped. "I concluded she was a backslider, and I said: 'Ever been to the pentitent-form?'" "Yes, sir; I was sitting on the platform till last night, wearing a bonnet."

I felt as if I was trying to bite at my breath to keep a hold of it. "What has happened?" I asked as sympathetically as I could, for it did really seem a little funny.

There was only a sad shake of the head. "Must be something terrible," I reasoned. "Have you murdered anybody?" I asked. "Another sad headshake. 'Committed robbery?'" "The same headshake, but a little sadder. 'Forgery?'" "Only a sign this time. 'Treason?'" I gasped, as a last inquiry, horrified that one so young and promising had ever become suddenly desperate, and yet hoping it was something at least exciting enough to make a WAR CRY story. "No, I did nothing," she answered.

Well, what was the matter? I finally found out it was all because she had heard that somebody heard that somebody else heard that she heard that somebody had said something about her!

I haven't recovered from that shock yet!

But all I want to say to you is to be brave and keep your hands to the plow, or you will be found unworthy the Kingdom. God bless you!

A religion that does not stick to a man during business hours is not good after business hours.

## WASHINGTON'S EARLY INNINGS.

Griffith's Corners Crusade. Advance on Voorhees—Reinforced by Recruits—March on to Conquer Coulee City.

SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORK OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN DOUGLAS COUNTY, WASHINGTON.

### PART I.

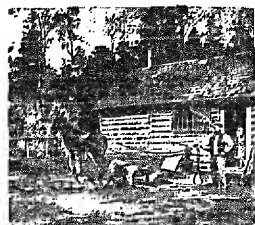
During the latter part of December, 1894, a revival meeting was in progress in the United Brethren church at Voorhees school-house.

A few days before it closed, however, several soldiers of the Salvation Army left the outpost at Griffith's Corners, in Adams county, in this State, for VOORHEES, for the purpose of holding meetings. But they lost their way and did not reach that place until the United Brethren meeting had closed. Then commenced a series of meetings in this county, which has resulted in the salvation of

### Over Two Hundred Souls.

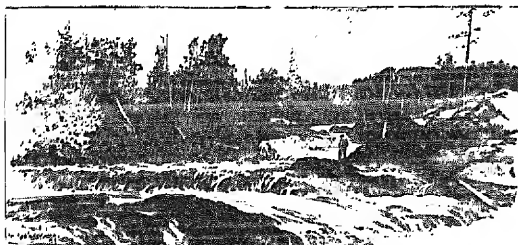
The soldiers were A. Bradley and R. H. Craft, of SPOKANE, Wash., and William Croswell and Samuel Carlton, of GRIFFITH'S CORNERS, Wash.

CAPT. VEREX.



The North-West could not see, nor is it possible to find, better soldiers than the intelligent, and serious and loyal people. They are producers, they live on to it.

It was manifestly the work of God that Voorhees was selected as a fit place for demonstrating that the "Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth," for the settlement was distracted by feuds and neighborhood troubles. As a result of the preaching of a "full and free salvation," nearly all the professed Christians came out and made a definite stand for God, being endowed with a new lease of spiritual life. In addition to this, about twenty-five began to serve God, and the people generally were drawn together in a wonderful degree. THE MINISTER OF THE UNITED BRETHREN is now a soldier in the Salvation Army, and will, in all probability, go into the work.



Behind three great water systems, which connect the North-west with the great sea of the north, the land of the south, there are many smaller rivers and runs, some of which almost limit water power, while they drain and fertilize the country.

About the time the meetings closed the news reached me AT COULEE CITY. I at once dispatched a letter to Bro. John H. Smith, of Voorhees, inviting the soldiers to hold meetings at Coulee City. The letter reached Bro. Smith at the close of the last meeting. The soldiers decided that the invitation was

### In God's Order,

and at once made the necessary ar-

rangements. Two of the soldiers—Croswell and Carlton—returned home, and the others, aided by recruits from Voorhees, came to Coulee City and commenced holding meetings. At the first they were not generally welcomed. A few families threw open their homes, and in the name of Christ gave them a cordial greeting. But a change came over the people, and the soldiers were soon received into almost every home in the city, and the people were sorry to have them go away. They expressed their appreciation of the work done by taking up a handsome collection. As a result of a two weeks' meeting forty-three came to the fountain, and the greater part had bright experiences. Several church members were brought out into new light and are now rejoicing in more of the Saviour's love than they had ever before possessed.

VICTORIA.—Since last you heard from us eight souls have sought salvation in our meetings. Captain Remond and Lieutenant Zickler are doing their best for God and souls. Ensign McDonald has paid us his first visit, which is to be repeated every month. Victoria folks will always have a hearty welcome ready for their D. O. At kneedrift God came very near, and the folks who stayed at home to ponder the question, "What must it be to be there?" missed a big blessing. Five meetings



BUTTE! Good-bye trees! good-bye grass! good-bye green of any kind! good-bye—God, I was going to say, but no I won't, because we have some very warm friends there who love God and the S.A. Could not see a blade of grass about the city. I presume the poisonous fume from the smelters and the acid in the water kills vegetation there. Here, as nowhere else, I realized that God made the country, but man made the city.

Butte corps is not going behind in the Harvest Festival procession. A soldier brought in a wagon load of green stuff, and I am sure that caught to be an attraction for the Butteites. One soldier walked twenty miles to get to the meeting and of course, got blessed. Crowds turned out well, and the meetings went off nicely. Brother Tippet farewelled for the field, and I trust to get some more candidates from Butte before long.

"Six hundred feet under the surface of the earth we are now," said Brother Rowe, who acted as guide for us in one of the richest copper mines of Butte. And yet we might imagine we were in the engine room of some on-the-ground factory. The wood work which covers the sides and the ceiling was exceedingly white, being very frequently whitewashed. The floor is equally clean, and every part of the large steam pump is shining, glittering or polished. It is well that we should take a lesson and keep our hearts—that wonderful life-pump—clean. The miners were very friendly and one of them broke us off a piece of the finest Peasecock ore (copper ore, so called from the colors which are like the ones in the peacock's feathers), as a memento on our trip in that mine. "Offer up a prayer for us," said one miner.

"Please ask the Colonel to send in the ambulance to-morrow," said Capt. Corlett of Missoula. "What do you want the ambulance for?" queried I in alarm. "For to take us out to the Fort, five miles from here. It is a rig with four horses, which Col. Bert has kindly offered to us, any time we want to hold meetings among the troops. God bless the Colonel. By the way that convert who gave himself up to here in guard and is keeping saved, they tell me, Missoula corps is improving and the crowd are getting better. I'll soon be back again for a good go-as-it. Good-bye, dear Cry."

Yours in the Blood and Fire,  
BRUNO FRIEDRICH,  
Major.

GRAVENHURST.—God is giving us victory at Gravenhurst. H. F. times of blessing, three souls in the fountain here, and two at outpost, Sparrow Lake. All returned to give God the glory. The Newfoundland Lieutenant dancing happy.—Captain Fred Young.

NAPANEE.—God is working in our midst. Interest becoming greater, sinners feeling their need of salvation and are coming to the cross, others seeking a deeper work in their hearts. Hallelujah! We are in for victory.—Lieut. May Ward.

WALLACETOWN.—Hallelujah to the Lamb is the song we are singing. Yesterday, Sunday, meetings good, interest good, barracks full at night. One soul for pardon. Finished with a wind-up and search around barracks. Others deeply convicted, must soon yield.—M. C. Cherry, B. C. Ogilvie, corps officers.

SHILLBURN.—Seven months' fighting here, then we have to say good-bye to the Shillburn comrades and friends. We have learned to love the Shillburn people for their kindness.—Lieut. Allen.

GALT.—Captain Wiseman and Lieutenant Barker have been working hard to make H. F. a success. Target hit. Sunday night we had the joy of seeing TEN SOULS kneel at the Saviour's feet. Some laughed, some cried. Lieutenant and Sergeant Major danced. We all marched round the barracks.—Joe.

and Waves Her Hand.

BOOK.—MRS. WM. RAPER, EDITH KILLAMBECK, has known who to with Jesus. Having much, she felt Jesus. She could hear the bells ringing. ly she would say, "Come, come and take me. Quickly, do, Dear Jesus."

her arms round her husband, who was weeping over her. "Don't cry, Billy, I shall grieve, and, oh, prepare to leave!"

her AN ARMY FUNERAL, her grave was promised to it meet her in heaven. She OF THE FIRST SOLDIERS, and at the memorial s after another spoke of it been a blessing and help After years of faithful service the soul one of a thank- last April—the thinking s so near—she came back colour, and he received her all her backslidings. hum of our comrades has in the Lord's side.

CAPT. VEREX.

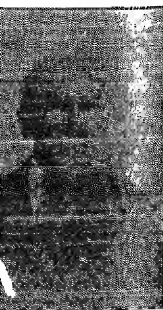
—XOX—

Death has visited our taken away the twin BROTHER AND SISTER, which were dedicated at three ago. They were y within two weeks of each other and Sister Moore have and sympathy of com-friends.—Capt. Teppie.

## SELF!

BY MAJOR DEAN.

be correctly instructed, this angels to devils and trans- sure innocency into guilt, ruin over the smiling face troubled the angels, and a night of woe and death of the world of human beings. the fountain of tears never been stopped, made roads for the feet of pain and the arteries rivers thro' disease, madness and death, which caused the wars, the hospitals, the wails of y in our streets, the pains poor neglected child feels t all, and yet self always t me! When the first man I to account for the mis- ing well as for his misde- he exclaimed, "Not me!" and, true to the elec- tion within her own heart, n said, "Not me—he ar- not prevent recognize the g in their children? How ill caught red-handed in ill say, "Not me!" And my nearly always he iden- his habit of showing from "Full Salvation!"



Spokane, sold 33  
One in one day.

# Eastern Fire!

PROVINCIAL ANNIVERSARY—THE COMMANDANT'S VISIT—ST. JOHN EXHIBITIONS—ENTHUSIASTIC RALLY—BICYCLE BRIGADE—MUSICAL DEMONSTRATION, ETC.

BY BRIGADIER SCOTT.

Two exhibitions will take place in St. John, viz. Canada's International Exhibition, and the exhibition of the Salvation Army. Dates have been fixed. See notice in other parts of the Cry.

Expectations are running high for successful and unprecedented demonstrations, both outside and inside. The Mechanics' Institute has been engaged for four days—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Ample accommodation for crowds of all kinds, big and little, rich and poor, great and small, high and low, Jew and Gentile, bond and free. All may come and see the glorious Army.

CANDIDATES ARE SPECIALLY INVITED. If you want your case to go through quick, now is your chance. Come. Don't delay. Get to the front of the fight as soon as you can. Devils and Daemons are wanted. Devils and hell are in earnest; so must we be. Lord, help us! Now, candidates, prepare: it won't cost you much. Cheap rates will be issued, and this will be a grand chance to take part in the Provincial Anniversary.

YOU OUGHT-TO-DE CANDIDATES. What about you who should be a candidate and are holding back? How many times have you written your application and yet failed to post it? Come now, let's get to an end of this kind of thing, and go through at all cost. You come to St. John. Lay your case before the Commandant. Give God and the Army a chance to see you at the front of the battle. Now, sisters and brothers, what do you say? Remember the dates and days, and come.

WHAT ABOUT THE LOCAL OFFICERS? If, dear reader, you are one, then we should certainly like you to come. Now for a grand rally of the local officers, secretaries, treasurers, Sergeant-Majors, etc., etc. Here is a beautiful chance to meet together, shake hands, exchange greetings, sing and pray together, and unite in petitioning God for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost on the Maritime Province. What about the Local Officers' Council? Well, we shall see, more anon, but arrange to come. Come by all means. Remember St. John is the spot.

WHAT ABOUT THE BANDSMEN? Yes, by all means we must not forget them. Note the mammoth musical demonstration will be on the Wednesday night. Remember the Commandant's leadership of that great orchestra of five thousand bandsmen? My, what a mighty tornado of music that would be! If we cannot muster five thousand that we will do the next best thing and have a regular smash on the Wednesday night. Now, bandsmen, polish up your corsets, euphoniums, etc., make them shine, and shine yourself, and come shining, and shine all the time, and doubly shine on the Wednesday night. Amen! Now, Halifax, Fredericton, New Glasgow, Woodstock, etc., etc., let's have a rally and break the record. Hurray!

THE SOLDIERS AND JUNIORS. Shall I forget these? Why, no. We want a mighty Army of Salvation in St. John during exhibition week; religious religion, salvation outside as well as in. Blood and fire to the front. The Salvation Army the talk of the day, and the religion of Jesus Christ to be proclaimed from the house-tops and all round. Now, soldiers, here's a good chance for you to come to the city. This chance you will not have again. Take it now. Prepare beforehand. Come sisters, brothers, fathers, mothers, juniors. Ah, yes, the juniors. We must not forget them. They are the coming Army. Now, officers, for a rally amongst the children.

## TRADE DEPARTMENT!

### General Trade Rules:

- I.—Write your name and address distinct and in full.
- II.—Give full particulars about goods desired; for instance, Cape, state size and quality, etc.
- III.—Send cash with all orders, and postage if value of order is less than one dollar.
- IV.—To Ontario and Quebec we pay postage and expressage on all orders over one dollar, except single Cape and Uniforms Bonnets.
- V.—We do not pay expressage on Tailoring goods, made up or cut from piece.
- VI.—All Tailoring orders should be accompanied by cash in full or part of order, the balance in the letter. Invoice will be enclosed C.O.D., unless sent to us before goods are shipped.
- VII.—Make all y-l office orders or cheques payable to Elizabeth H. Booth.
- VIII.—Prices may vary in the Eastern and Western Provinces, owing to distance.

## STATIONARY BAND TUTOR!

For Officers and Soldiers.

THE SALVATIONIST'S WRITING TABLE '8—Cheap Letter Paper, 1-1/2 x 8 1/2, with design and motto, ruled paper, 50 sheets and blotter, 15c. Cheap Note Paper, ruled, with designed motto, 100 sheets and blotter, 15c. 150 sheets and blotter, 20c.

STATIONARY PACKETS, containing 25 envelopes, and 23 sheets note paper, 11 leaf, and blotter, 25c.

THE SALVATIONIST'S STATIONARY BOX—Containing a pad of 50 sheets of the best note paper, 25 sheets note paper, 50 envelopes, two sizes, and a blotter, in a handsome box, 40c.

ENVELOPES.—Large packet, containing 25, with design printed on each, 10c. Four packets, 35c.

NOTE.—We can print special headings or mottoes desired, in one or more colors, on cheap, medium, or fine paper. Orders promptly attended to.

WAR  
CRY  
FRIENDS'  
BOOK.

To be used for entering in the names of WAR CRY subscribers and other friends. This book, if posted up, is the very thing an officer wants when taking hold of a new corps.

STROPE COVER. WELL BOUND. ONLY 15c. EACH.

### SUBSCRIPTION PRICES

For Year.

The War Cry.....	\$2 00
Young Soldier.....	0 50
All the World.....	0 50
The Deliverer.....	0 50
Musical Salvationist.....	1 00

### G. SHINING LIGHT.

STAMPED ON A BRIGHT RED-YELLOW BACKGROUND.

Size, 7 1/2 x 5 inches—Price, 10c. each.

God is Love,  
Praise the Lord,  
God will provide,  
Thy will be done,  
Mighty to save,  
Jesus only.



### I. OXFORD TEXTS.

Size, 5 x 8 1/2 inches.

Price, 10c. each.

He is faithful that promises.

Unfathomable are the ever-lasting aims.

His banner over me was love.

He sustains the longing soul.

Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Consult thy way unto the Lord.



### H. SILVER BELL SERIES.

Size, 5 x 8 1/2 inches.

Price, 10c. each.

My grace is sufficient for thee.

Christ has made us free.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

Hold faithful that promises.

Give thanks unto the Lord.

With my song will I praise Thee.



### Formation Instruments.

1. The Regiment of Music.
2. The Band Drum.
3. The Side Drum.
4. The Tambora.
5. The Triangle.
6. The Tamborine.

Also collection of pieces, different styles, with good cover.

ONLY 25 CENTS.

### TESTIMONIALS

DID YOU SAY?

Why, certainly. What do you think of these for a start?

New Haven, Conn. Aug. 24th, 1885.

Staff-Capt. Hoar.

Dear Comrade,—I received my salt yesterday, and am delighted with it. The fit is perfect.

Yours in Jesus,

E. W. W., Capt.

Huntingdon, P.Q., August 19, 1885.

DEAR STAFF CAPTAIN.—I received my goods safe, and consider the waterproof a real beauty. It fits me first class, and I am well satisfied.

Yours faithfully,

J. K. H.

Newcastle, Aug. 26th, 85.

DEAR SECRETARY.—I received my jacket in good or on Saturday evening, and am well pleased with it. I enclose sample of goods and want you to let me know what it would cost to have a dress made up from them, both with and without speaking jacket. I think that perhaps in about a month I may be able to send you another order. I want to have an idea that it would be so much more expensive having an order filled so far away, but I find I can have it done much cheaper, besides helping on the war.

C. R. L. B.

L. A. L. B.

### BONNETS!

Just arrived from England. Send \$1 50.

They are going fast. Send us your order at once.

### OFFICERS! A Word to You!

Do you subscribe to "The Officer?"

The July number, just to hand, is a beauty. Don't miss it. "The Herald's Army" Editor is something special.

JUST ARRIVED.

THE

July and August Numbers

or

The "Musical Salvationist"

The July specialty to Mrs. Commandant North's famous song, "To My Crown too Much for Me!" arranged for a string band of seven pieces.

A VALUABLE NUMBER

The Latest Out for a Musical Festival!

Available for a Church Service!

"The Life of Christ in Rome," specially arranged by M. J. Saver. It's the August number of the "Musical Salvationist." Price 10c.

THE SUNDAY will be set apart for a red-hot day of religion. The Mechanics' Institute will be the scene of the battle; war to the knife. The sword of the Lord and the Salvation Army. Great slaughtering and mauling up of the wounded. Glorious opening of the pool, and mighty rush of penitents. What a sight 'twill be! Gigantic holiness convention. Salvation afternoon and night, soccer open-air, early knee-drills, etc., etc., will be the order of the day.

THE COMMANDANT will lead. Let every comrade pray for his strength and inspiration from God and the Holy Ghost; bear him up to the throne of grace that he may come amongst us as a prophet, and a man whose heart God has touched. Much will rest upon his shoulders, what with councils, interviews, public meetings, etc., etc. It will pray that God will uphold him in His strength and grace.

YOU SHOULD SEE the Monday night demonstration above everything else. This will be uniquely unique, superbly superb, charmingly charming, attractive, taking, and helpful all round. Each district with a special uniform and banners. Look out for the Shields. Keep your eye open that you don't miss the bicycle brigade. What's a mounted warrior? You come and see. There there's a fiery chariot. Dear, oh, dear. And I cannot tell you what won't be on hand. G. R. H. will have a row and St. John will have such a stirring up and a grand display of Salvation Armyism as they have not had for many a long day. Monday night, my friend, remember and don't you forget.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY. Yes. We shall keep the record, if not break it, on those two nights. I must be brief, as I see visions of the W. P. B. Have mercy, Mr. Editor. I notice I was out altogether last week, so perhaps I can squeeze in a little more this week.

Great farewell of officers will take place. Captains — Is farwelling from — D.O.'s and E.O.'s are all in the swim. Change and change. Farewell and farewell. New appointments will be issued in these meetings. Great commissioning of officers. Promotion of —, and so on and so forth. A special sort of uniform will be exhibited. Bonnets, bands, caps, guernseys, etc., etc., can be obtained. There's much more that I cannot think of. Really I must stop. I am afraid of the editor's scissors. More next week. Good bye.

P.S.—

Don't forget, tell Soldier Blair that he must come to St. John fair! For there he'll see, without a doubt, A good march in and a good march out.

And all his comrades from far and near, And altogether there'll be good cheer.

Ensign Shea was at VOORHEES one Saturday night and Sunday. All the farmers—who are about all Salvationists—were very busy with their harvest cutting the grain, but they turned out in good numbers. They headed a column march into the town. About a dozen plunged in the fountain on Sunday am, came wet to a-crying and a-sighing, and came out happy and smiling.

GANANOQUE.—Thank God we are still on the up-grade. Good audience, good order, and good attention. Best of all, the joy of seeing souls at the foot of the cross. Visit from our D. O., which we appreciated very much.—Trifleria.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—Old-time fire is rising. God is saving souls in the houses and in the hall.—Capt. Curry.

HELENA, Montana.—We are pleased to report victory from Helena. Since been with us and honored our labor, allowing us to see THIRTY-ONE SOULS weep their way to the cross. We are trusting in the power of prayer to work mightily in this place, and believing for a still greater outpouring of the Holy Ghost that Helena shall soon be found at the feet of the Saviour.—Lieut. Morris for Ensign Edgecombe.



# The Grandest Warfare Ever Waged.

## THE FIRE-SYMBOL--A Tongue.

THE INSTRUMENT,  
A TONGUE.

### "A Tongue of Fire!"

MAN'S VOICE, GOD'S TRUTH.

The Holy Spirit's Inspiration, a  
Human Organ.

"Man's speech to his fellow-man;  
a message in human words to human  
faculties, from the understanding to  
the understanding, from the heart to  
the heart."

The sinner says, "I want to know  
first."  
God repeats, "Come up higher, come  
up to My standard. Be ye holy even  
as I am holy."  
"Oh no," says the sinner, in his  
spiritual blindness, "Vanity Fair is  
good enough for me, I enjoy being  
down in the mud of sin; I must sow  
my wild oats; must satisfy my lusts.  
I cannot give up all the pleasures of  
life. The standard is too high, I  
must come down a little."

NEWCASTLE.—Fight hard, but  
Jesus lives to help and cheer us.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—Rising. Pros-  
pects better than ever. Crowds good.  
Sinners and backsliders.—J.W.C.

HAMILTON I.—Jubal brigade. Grand  
meetings. Good crowds. Four pro-  
fessing souls.—Sergt. Major Caslin.

PARRY SOUND.—Victory. One bro-  
ther recovered from the ranks of  
sin. Others convicted.—Capt. Pinnell.

DUTTON.—Soldiers full of fire. Open-  
ed war on ranks of Satan Sunday.  
Deep conviction. A break soon.—Cap-  
tain Dalkens.

PERTH.—H. F. marked success with  
presence of God. Comrades rallied  
fine. Farewell orders have come.—  
Good-bye.—A. A. Kelly.

KINGSTON.—Heavenly gales blow-  
ing. Nine souls at the cross. Beauti-  
ful exhibition of goods. String band  
to the front.—Capt. Carruthers.

SUDBURY.—Visit from Women War-  
riors' Brass Band. Much enjoyed.  
Two men cried for mercy Sunday.  
H. F. successful; past the target.

NEWCASTLE.—Special "Faker and  
Tongue" Brother Skerrie with us.  
Hearts saddened because men and  
women care so little for God.—C.R.

PELLEYS ISLAND.—Seven souls.  
War Cry sold. Take Cry with me  
visiting. Great help. Ensign, DO  
come with some uniform.—Captain  
Cooper.

BRIDGEWATER, N.S.—Capt. Ra-  
fines and Lieut. Mathison said good-  
bye. Visit from Jubal's Brigade.  
Meeting much enjoyed. Welcome meet-  
ing to new Captain Parsons.—P. A.  
Hamm.

PARIS.—H. F. unable, financially and  
spiritually. Brigadier Margrett and  
Buzza Chaberton. Souls revived and  
blessed. Much light on our pathway.  
Sunday night meeting a splendid  
success. Hearts melted. Sale of pro-  
duce fine.—Sellers.

SUMMERSIDE.—Times of refreshing.  
Ensign Galt and Captain Murney with  
us three days. Meeting in Methodist

Church. Ice cream social. Sister  
Harding busy, and War Cry seller.  
Sister Gamble. Three souls, and four  
souls later.—W. Brow.

MONTREAL II.—Sale well attend-  
ed. Sergt. Major Baird was auc-  
tioner. Things humming. Every-  
thing from socks of yarn to dry-  
goods and glassware. Coffee supper.  
Barnacks repainted and decorated.  
Splendid.—W. Goodale, S.C.

INGERSOLL.—H. F. toll, faith and  
victory. Meetings, marches, open-air  
extra good. Hearty invitation to  
hold salvation meeting in bar-room  
of one of the principal hotels. Musical  
meeting at Dorchester. Mrs. Cooper,  
Captain Stubbs to the front.—M.K.

CAPT. ROGGS, Amherst, was in need  
of something to hold kerosene oil, so a  
comrade, who was converted a few  
months, went down behind a car shed  
and got two bottles from where he  
had thrown them. After drinking the  
liquor they had contained before he  
got saved. They held the oil nicely.  
Hallelujah!

THE "TENT PARTY" arrived in  
Amherst. Good lively meetings. Capt.  
Penny helped us.

The soldiers testified. Our mus-  
ical brother, Lieut. Percy, sang us  
a solo. Capt. Penny read and exhort-  
ed sinners to repent and Capt. Lor-  
mer followed. On Saturday Mrs. En-  
sign Bradley present. Large crowd.  
The duet, "Art Thou Lost?" was sim-  
ply GRAND.

SUNDAY. At knee-drill our souls  
were quickened. By reason of the  
rain, we had holiness meeting in the  
barnacks.

Sunday afternoon. Good crowd.  
Though the devil did try to create a  
disturbance. Capt. Bugge, Mrs.  
Jameson and Capt. Lorimer spoke of  
the terrible danger of

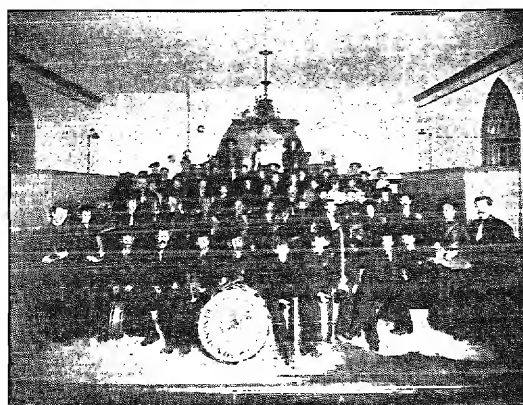
Lying in the Devil's Cradle.

Stern denunciation of sin mixed  
with tenderness and love. Two for  
salvation.

Two more kneeling at the pentest  
form.

Tuesday the tent was taken down.  
Meeting in the barnacks. The people  
expressed sorrow that we must  
leave.—Max.

The plans and specifications of the  
first Army hall at Hilo have arrived  
in San Francisco. So we may also  
expect building operations to com-  
mence at an early date. Hawaii is  
looking up.



GANANOQUE CORPS, with some Kingston comrades (by flashlight).

### Ensign McDonald

— IN —

### British Columbia.

#### A FEW MINUTES' INTERVIEW.

EVERYBODY IN GENERAL, and the  
folk who knew him "down East" in  
particular, were wanting to shake  
hands and say warm words of wel-  
come. At last our opportunity was  
seized.

#### "First Impressions."

were requested.

"Oh, you can say that they have  
been FAVORABLE IN THE EX-  
TREMES, since I entered the country  
three days ago, the people are beau-  
tiful. In fact, I am delighted with  
everything and everybody so far."

"Your orders came unexpectedly,  
did they not?"

"Yes, rather; Montreal is some dis-  
tance from here and I was not  
dreaming about B. C. when they  
came."

"Did you break your journey in com-  
ing West?"

"No, but as the train stayed twenty-  
four hours in Winnipeg I was pri-  
vileged to attend the Sunday night  
meeting. It was a glorious time.  
Three souls."

Ensign Clark has things in fine  
shape at THE WORKINGMAN'S HO-  
TEL.

"Have you found the work progress-  
ing favorably in the Coast corps?"

"Yes, I have yet to visit Nanaimo  
and New Westminster, but from what  
I saw and heard at Vancouver and  
Victoria, prospects for the future  
look bright."

"There has been a change in con-  
dition with four appointments, has  
there not?"

"Yes. The District Headquarters  
has been removed to Vancouver. This  
will be found better for the sake of  
both convenience and economy."

"What do you think of the VIC-  
TORIA SHELTER?"

"Oh! it is beautiful, and I think  
the best equipped in Canada. Yes,  
victory is ahead. Tell the War Cry  
to watch B.C."—A. E. R.

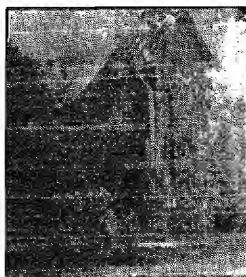
HAMILTON I.—Back again to the  
city, after spending seventeen days  
at camp meetings. Blessing and being  
blessed. In the little old church on  
McNish street our first meeting was  
held. Of course our old barracks was  
sold and converted into a railway  
station. We are anxiously waiting  
for the Commandant to decide where  
we shall build. Looking to God.

Sunday being Labor Day we took  
advantage of the holiday and had a  
grand open air. Two drums came  
to Jesus, using THE DRUM AS A  
PENITENT FORM.

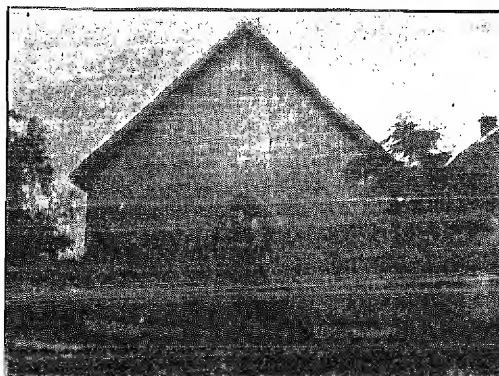
At night No. 1 corps amalgamated  
with No. 2. "Oh what a time! Danc-  
ing happy."

Two souls came back to God and we  
had just closed when two more came  
out. Tuesday, two women out for  
pardon.—Capt. Brindley.

THE SPARK OF LIFE was  
kindled by the eternal God  
It can no more die than mat-  
ter can cease to be, "in one form  
or another." If the soul leaves the  
body in a filthy condition it will re-  
main filthy. As the tree falls so it  
will lie, after the body returns to  
the elements. It is confidence for  
the soul. "It lives," but it is a fil-  
thy death, for it is separated from  
God. It has not been resurrected  
into purity and loving obedience to  
the Divine will.



GANANOQUE BARRACKS, as it was.



GANANOQUE BARRACKS, as it is.

